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SURE TO ENJOY IT.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (*getting ready for the theatre*).—I see dere vas a real fire-engine in dis blay.
BERNSTEIN (*sulkily*).—Den I von't go.
MRS. BERNSTEIN.—But it eggslodes on der vay to der fire.
BERNSTEIN (*merrily*).—Hurry up, dear! Ve may be too late!



NATURAL.

DR. DEER.— You are suffering from too high living, Mr Bear— too high living, sir! I must prohibit venison for an unlimited period!



THE BOGEY.

'D LIKE to know what 's 'round to make
The floors go "creak" at night,
So, suddenly, I 'm wide-awake
And stare with all my might.
I sort of 'spect It's looking out
To get some little tad—
A tad the size of me, about—
Because that he 's been bad!

And first I hear It in the hall,
With "creaky, creaky, creak"—
Ma'd come, you bet, if I should call;
But I 'm afraid to speak!
And then It 's in the room—and then
It 's coming at the bed!
I pray: "Please help me, God!—amen."
And cover up my head.

I think of all the things I did
I had n't ought to do,
And wonder if perhaps I 'm hid,
Or if It sees right through
And, Oh! I promise, hope to die,
A hundred times, or more,
I 'll be a better boy than I
Have ever been before.

I dass n't even strike a match
To see if It is there—
For if I move It 's close to catch
My legs or arms or hair!
And how I wish for morning light!
I don't care *what* you say,
But Something snoops about by night
That *is* n't 'round by day!

Edwin L. Sabin.

ENCOURAGING.

"What is the situation to-day?" asked the Sultan.

"Why," said the Grand Vizier, "I have received a number of new claims which I hope to keep unsettled."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

"They say the anti-foreign feeling in China is increasing steadily."

"Yes? The Chinese are not so different from other people, are they?"

FOR THE Machine there is always the hope that the Reformers will go to the polls and vote against each other.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

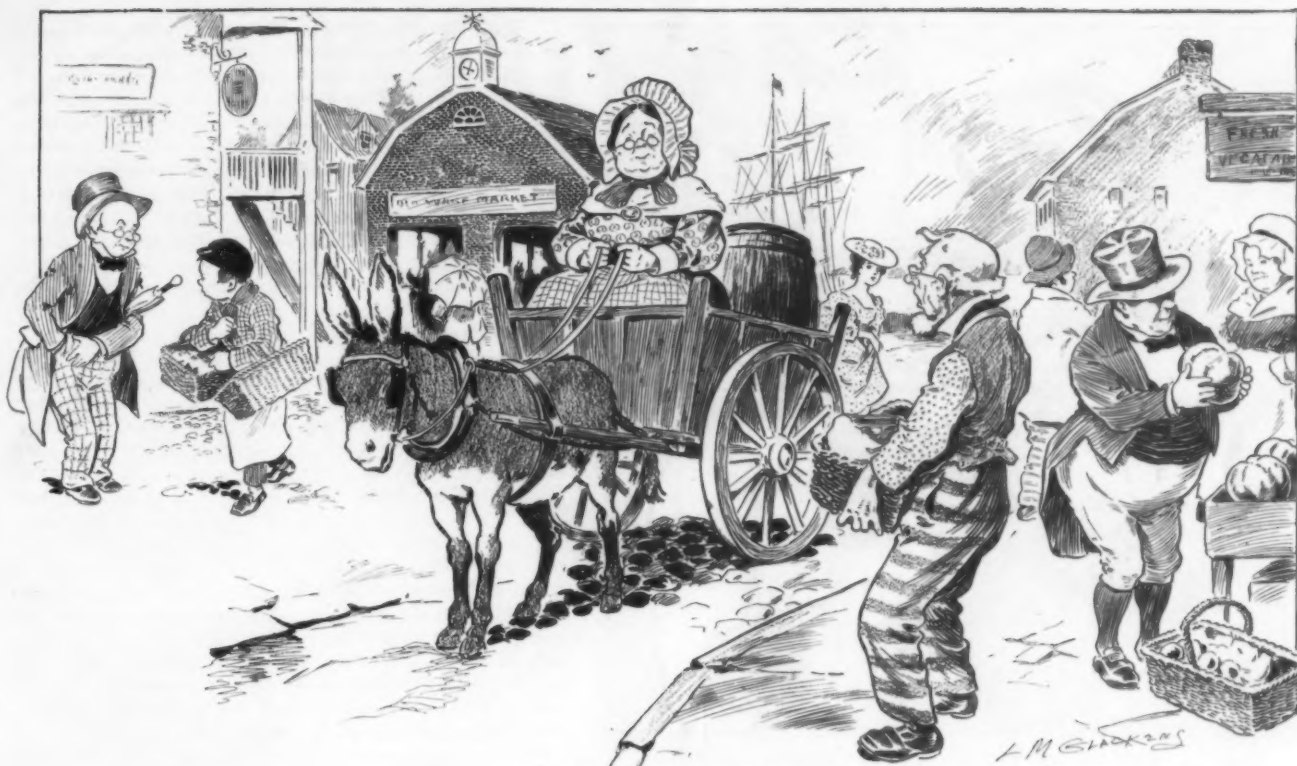
PAT.— So Kelly is dead?

MIKE.— Yis. He had n't an inimy in th' wur-r-uld!

PAT.— Phat did he doi of?

MIKE.— He was killed in a foight!

PUCK



NOT EASY TO PLEASE.

"What? — Goin' home, Mrs. Haggles? You ain't finished your tradin' so soon?"
 "No; it don't take me long to buy or sell when I git prices to suit me."
 "No; but it gen'rally takes you longer to git prices to suit you!"

HIS INVENTORY.

NOSELEDD.—Now that you are about to meet Miss Van Ketcham I want to sound a note of warning.

HOVERINN.—You do? What sort of a note?

"Well, she's the most incorrigible flirt alive!"

"That does n't describe her specially — surely not!"

"She's more outrageous than the — the others. It's shameful, you know — really!"

"What was it you wanted to tell me about her?"

"She has n't an atom of conscience. She's vain, frivolous, selfish."

(With a smile.)—

"Can't you particularize in some way? Give me a reason why I must be on my guard — if I must be."

"Well, don't allow her to flirt with you — that's all."

"And why not?"

"Because she's as cruel as a mermaid; she would sing while your bones were bleaching."

"My bones would n't care. You say Miss Van Ketcham is selfish, cruel, vain, unconscionable —"

"All true — every word!"

"But — your reason for telling me this?"

"She — she's engaged to me!"

Madeline Bridges.

THE PROFESSION.

"But why do you ask for your salary?" asked the manager, perplexedly.

"Because," explained the comedian, "it is pay day!"

"I did n't know but you were trying to explode the popular notion that comedians are never funny off the stage!" quoth the manager.

All this *en tour*, bear in mind.

AT THE CLUB.

"Graybeard is lively for a man of his age."

"Yes. Old boys will be old boys!"

UNCONSCIOUS.

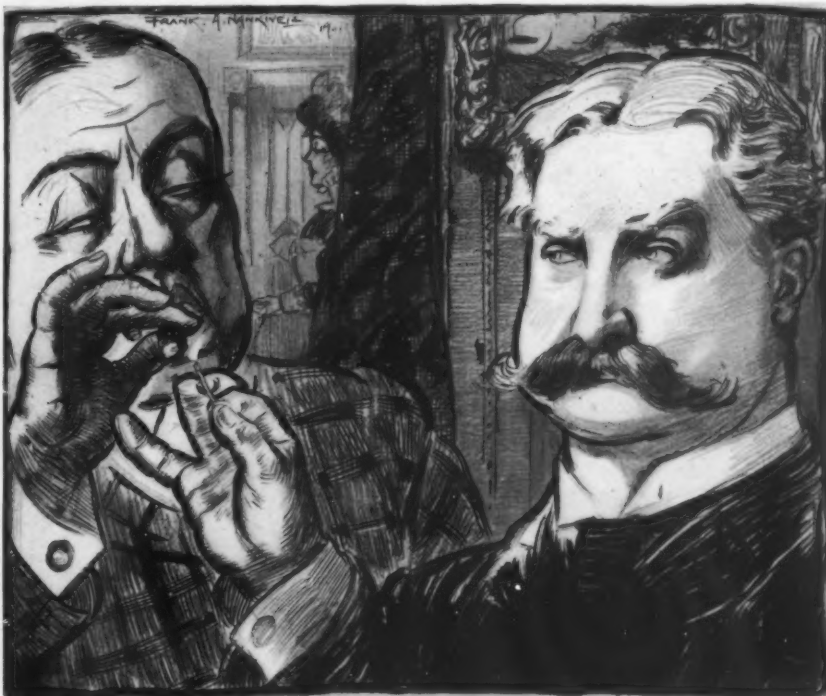
"But he does n't realize that he boasts."

"Oh, no! I've heard him boasting that he does n't boast."

MORE HASTE, less speed. The quicker the lunch, the longer it is digesting.

ALL THE world's a stage, and not a bit too large a stage if all the historical novels are to be dramatized.

IF GOLF is proper on Sunday, and baseball is improper, it would seem that the Sabbath is, in point of fact, made for some of us, while some of the rest of us are made for the Sabbath.



IT HAD.

FIRST DOCTOR.—Has the trouble reached an acute stage?

SECOND DOCTOR.—I should say it had! I've paid him forty six visits and I have n't received a cent on account!



DISTRACTED HER ATTENTION.

THE ARTIST.—And, then, have you given sufficient attention to the technique?

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.—Well—er—perhaps not. I was thinking of the price!

INSTINCT.

IS NOT instinct a wonderful thing? You have seen a little downy chicken, still unsteady on his legs, hauling off and making a stagger at scratching the earth, then stepping back the proper distance to peck knowingly at some tiny speck the like of which he never saw before. Why does he do this? Why, indeed? What does he know, to inquire systematically into the phenomenon? What does he know, in the first place, of mining and exploration? And what does he know of food and alimentation? I warrant you he could not for his life sit down and tell you why he scratched and pecked.

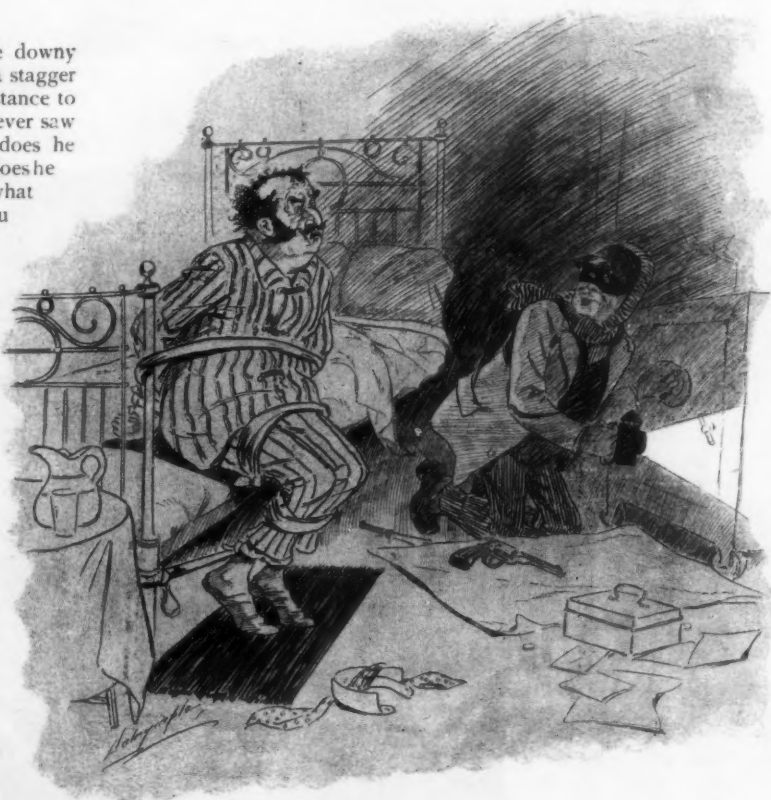
And when a shadow wheels over the grass why does the old hen give a squawk such as she perhaps never used before, but which is an exact reproduction of the squawk that all hens have always accorded to shadows wheeling over the grass? And when the chicks hear this sound, which they never heard before and never had explained to them, why, instead of running to the hen for an elucidation, do they immediately radiate into the grass and hide themselves singly away like past masters of aerial optics?

Biologists say that instinct is inherited experiences. By inherited experiences the bee makes his octohedral cell and the bird her nest without blue prints, and the duck walks into the water with the confidence of a million years and swims like a duck.

Since Darwin and Huxley and Spencer made a considerable science out of plain backwoods biology which previously in the curriculum had ranked below the use of the globes, and below French and embroidery, we all have taken to being close observers of Nature. We observe the rudimentary toes of the horse, the striping of the tiger, the long legs of the waders, and the bright advertising colors of the flowers. We observe these and perhaps a few other things very keenly and then, as they comprise all the things that we remember to observe, we go back and keenly observe them over again. Undoubtedly we give a great impulse to biology. As for me, I read in a book about instinct and what it is, or, I am free to confess, it would never have occurred to me but that the bird and the beaver were building their houses all right without my worrying about them.

Since becoming a close observer I have been much interested in the instinct displayed by the child of an editor. He is now about two years of age. I will state the phenomena of the case as accurately as I can in order that others may join me in seeking the esoteric solution. The child is to all appearances an ordinary child, but he is very taciturn. In fact, he is practically silent through the entire day, except at a certain hour, when, without any apparent reason, he suddenly hauls off like a chicken making its first scratch and begins to discourse about some matter of which he never heard. The tones of his voice and the apparent cocksureness of his style are such as would indicate absolute mastery of his subject, which, as stated, is unknown to him, and a high morality quite foreign to his nature. His talk, of course, signifies nothing. After reeling off about three hundred to six hundred words he stops as suddenly as he began, and makes no further trouble until the following day.

Another interesting case is that of the offspring of a long line of officeholders. From the beginning he would not sleep except in a crib. A peculiar instinctive action was first observed in him when he was about a year old. At that time he received a visit from an uncle who, as it happened, had some candy in his pocket. The little child, although he had never seen or heard of this uncle before (he being an uncle on the mother's side), immediately called him by name and shook hands with him. From that time he has been under the observation of scientists, whose duty it is to ascertain, if possible, whence the instinct came. When any person comes into the child's presence he immediately calls him by his correct name, shakes him by the hand, whether the person desires it or not, and makes some inquiries, as: "How are things around Henville?" or, "Who they goin' to run ag'in' Tom Grogan for marshal up to Gallapagos?" or, "How 's the good family?" or almost any other inquiry concerning a matter he does not care anything about. If but a single person is with him he will lisp such words as "fine work," "knifing," "trades," etc.; but when a company is



AN EASIER DEATH.

BURGLAR.—Now, see here! If you make any disturbance while I am taking this silverware, I will kill you!

LEVY.—Go aheht! Shood me! I vould sooner tie ter vunst mit a pullit, as tie py inches seeing you dake dat solid silvervare!

PUCK

present he will not mention these words, but will climb up on some high object and say, "my country," "patriotism," "civilization and commerce," "the sanctity of the home," "our public school system," and "the starry flag." The reader will readily believe me when I state that although the child is not yet two years old he has already been elected State Senator.



OLD SLAP-STICK LAND.

LD SLAP-STICK LAND is a very funny land
Not mentioned in your Pliny,
Where every tramp is a one-man band
And a red-nosed Paganini;
He always calls on a musical maid
Who blares on brass like a street parade,
And they blow "The Palms" in a twin
cyclone
On the big bass tuba and the deep trombone.
A-a-and—
Why a hobo should do so
None but a native need expect to know
In Slap-stick Land.

In Slap-stick Land are charcoal coons,
Not mentioned by the Latin,
Who dress in red silk pantaloons
And frock coats of blue satin.
They prance on tip-toe when they walk;
They roll their eyes when they try to talk;
They grin when they smile, and they whoop when they sing,
And the dance they dance is an awful thing!
A-a-and—



AS TO THE FAIR COMPETITOR.

"It's de same way in every business—de wimmen is takin' de places of de men."
"Dat's right. I dunno what we'd do if some of dem did n't git married an' retire!"



EXTRA HAZARDOUS.

FIRST GUIDE (*tired by moose*).—Are—Are we all safe?
SECOND GUIDE.—Safe? Well, hardly! That dude in the next tree still has his gun with him!

Why the darkies should do thus
Is a compound conundrum to the most of us
In Slap-stick Land.

In Slap-stick Land a chorus girl
In a surplice sings high vespers,
With a wig of boyish yellow curls
And a voice from the "Gay Burlesquers"
Dress suits are worn by acrobats,
And Irishmen are always "Pats,"
And a Vermont girl sings songs of
the South
With a nasal timbre in the roof of
her mouth—
A-a-and—
No one yet could understand
Why this is so in Slap-stick Land,
In Slap-stick Land.

H. J. O'Higgins.



CIRCUMSTANCES.

"I would n't look at your infernal newspaper," said he, "under any circumstances."
I knew he lied.
"What," said I, quietly, "were you to be riding in a street-car, with every seat taken, and a woman were to enter, and my newspaper were the only newspaper at hand?"

Now he crimsoned and was silent. I laughed scornfully and turned on my heel.

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW GAMES.

TOURIST (*in Coyoteville*).—I don't suppose anybody around here plays golf?

NATIVE.—Wa-al, no;—but we'd be dead-willin' ter learn. Hey, Barkeep! Give us a deck uv cards!

BUT is it not wrong for anybody to work so hard on Sunday as the average man seems to work singing tenor in a church choir?

HIS MISFORTUNE.

SHE.—Yes; I think there are some beautiful love songs in the opera.
HER ELDERLY ADMIRER.—I agree with you. I am not as young as I was, but they still strike a responsive chord.
SHE.—Well, that is too bad; but, of course, I suppose you can't help it!

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CONCERNING POURING OIL UPON THE TROUBLE-SOME MOSQUITOS.

“LOVELY LONELYVILLE only needed to be freed from the mosquito to become the acknowledged Paradise of the home-seeker, — and now that has been found possible!” enthusiastically exclaimed Mr. Isolate, of that beautiful suburb, as he and his suburban friend, Mr. Hermitage, were sitting in the forward seat of the smoking-car of the five-fifty-four local, which enabled them to have the little odd seat next to the water-cooler for their bundles, the other evening. “Nestled between two rolling, emerald hills; beside a picturesque salt-meadow, where the cat-tails and wild rice wave in gentle undulations in the evening zephyrs, as the setting sun kisses the ruby blushing pool; miles from the crowded city, yet reached in a paltry fifty-five minutes by the two express trains, or only one hour and forty-nine minutes by the four locals, if there is no fog to prevent; with such social organizations as its Volunteer Hose Company, Circulating Library, Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, Brass Band, X-Ray Base-Ball Club and Building Loan Association, its church, its grocery and general store, what place could be more ideal for a person to pick out as a home-site? With all these recommendations weighing in its favor, I wish you to clearly understand that the infinitesimal mosquito never caused my enthusiasm to wane or my pride in lovely Lonelyville to weaken.

“The whole trouble, that has given lovely Lonelyville its unfair reputation, has been that impractical city people have come out here into the glorious suburbs and not taken the most ordinary precautions,” continued Mr. Isolate, earnestly. “Now, when you or I go out in the evening in the mosquito season, we invariably wear netting over our hats and often carry a bee-raiser’s small smoke-bellows. Furthermore, we know that mosquitos germinate in cistern water, and, therefore, we never think of neglecting to put a filter over the nozzle of our kitchen pumps, so that no mosquitos will be pumped into the house in their early stages, to develop later in the dishpans and water-pitchers.

“One would think from the great hurrah the newspapers are making over putting oil on the quiet pools to kill the mosquito larvæ that it was a new way to kill mosquitos. Why, you and I — and all of us old suburbanites, for that matter — never neglect to pour a gallon or two of oil over the water in our cellars, as soon as the first mosquito shows himself at the head of the cellar stairs! If we did not do so, what would be the use of wire screens



BEFORE THE MIGRATION.

HE. — However, we have forgotten something.

SHE. — Goodness! What is it?

HE. — I don’t know; — but nobody ever moves without forgetting something!



HE EXPLAINS.

“This is just a gentle hint,” observed the farmer whose son had come home from college.

“How ’s that?”

“Well, when he feels he needs exercise, he kin go to his golf bag an’ find out jest how he kin git some!”

at all the windows and around the porches? And attending to the furnace and sifting the ashes in the cellar would be anything but the healthful, pleasant diversion it now is.

“It is all well enough to deluge the picturesque salt-meadows with crude oil; but mosquito extermination, like charity, should begin at home! Why —”

But just then the brakeman stuck his head in the car and called out:

“Lonelyville! LONELYVILLE!!”

Con. C. Converse.

CONVINCING.

“What proof have I that you love me?” faltered she.

“I swear!” quoth I. She shook her head, sadly.

But just here I broke my brassie.

“Behold! I do not swear!” I cried.

Now she regarded me with moist eye and quivering lip, as being something convinced.

[IN MANY cases we would not hesitate so long about crossing the Rubicon if we could do it in a submarine boat with obscure points of embarkation and landing.

PUCK



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A WINNING LOSER.

THE AMERICA'S cup continues to be a chastely ornate little matter of statics, a reliable model of still life. For another pleasant demonstration of its chronic inertia the American public is indebted to that most amiable and practised loser, Sir Thomas Lipton. From the warm expressions of good-will for Sir Thomas that come from every quarter of the country, there are plainly more good Americans than Mr. Lawson of Boston who would have been not vastly displeased had the Shamrock proved the faster boat. It would be, of course, as unsportsmanlike not to take every fair advantage as to take one that was unfair, and so we are bound to rejoice in our fairly-won victory; but had the victory been to Sir Thomas we suspect that more than a few of us would have come dangerously near the unsportsmanlike behavior of rejoicing with him. As it is, sport being sport, as indubitably as business is business, we may be permitted to wish Sir Thomas many happy returns for the cup, and to assure him that if yachting cups went by favor, like the many-handed kind, he would be taking the America's cup with him this time.

AN INHERITED FIGHT.

THE OFFICE of President Roosevelt is to him doubly a trust—a trust from the people and a trust from the man whose political executor, in a sense, he has becomingly recognized himself to be. Doubtless he will find the circumstance now helpful and, again, hampering. In the move for lower tariff duties under the banner of "Reciprocity" he will encounter all the fight his lusty appetite can possibly crave. The obligation to forward this movement is rather the most embarrassing of the legacies from his predecessor. Nor must the disbelievers in high Protection hope for as much relief from him as McKinley could and probably would have provided. Mr. McKinley was unquestionably the man of most authority in his party and his stand in matters of foreign trade at the time of his death was peculiarly effective because of his long and tried devotion to the basic principles of Protection. When the ablest and foremost preacher of Protection, who is also the ablest and foremost Republican, declares for substantial modifications of the system as applied, without abating any of his faith in abstract Protection, the effect is bound to be considerable. Cautiously and skillfully Mr. McKinley had worked to prepare his party for the change which he shrewdly saw was inevitable. The most hardened defender of protected monopoly had to listen when the high priest of Protection talked of the need for foreign markets and the necessity for opening our own market to secure them. As a tariff-abater President Roosevelt will have much less moral influence, and, for this reason, with an equal earnestness of purpose, he will probably accomplish less for freedom of trade than McKinley would have done during the remainder of his term. Yet all praise is due him for his avowed resolve to continue the fight, and no small results, indeed, may be expected from his efforts.

TAMMANY'S SPONSOR.

MR. EDWARD M. SHEPARD of Brooklyn has complied with such conditions and rendered such pledges as were necessary to secure the Tammany nomination for Mayor of New York. Mr. Shepard is a gentleman who has hitherto borne an unblemished reputation in and

about this neighborhood. While his reputation is not now what it was, there remains uncertainty as to just what it is. There appear to be many people kind enough to question his entire sanity, basing their view upon his recent very fervid denunciation of Tammany's methods as corrupt and disgraceful to our civilization. Others are blunt enough to impugn the quality of his citizenship, since he accepts a nomination on a platform that obligates him to continue the abuses that have made Tammany infamous. One thing is certain: Tammany has not changed since 1897, except by way of growing, because of its increased opportunities, more corrupt and more flagrant in its practices. It has not changed for the better since Mr. Shepard denounced it. Must not Mr. Shepard, then, in some way have changed for the worse—either mentally or morally?

ANARCHY AND LAWS.

THE KILLING anarchist, curiously enough, owes his survival to the benevolence of that government which he thinks he hates. After its destruction he himself would be the first to perish under the system which he advocates. No crueller punishment could have been devised for the Buffalo specimen than to expel him from the prison which was his refuge. So faulty is our obedience to laws at the best that he would hardly have lived to walk twenty paces from the jail door. The "oppressed" people would have converted him into souvenirs. To go farther back, the creatures of which Czolgosz is a type would rarely survive their infancy, except under a system that in some degree mitigates the harshness of the natural order. The laws which they despise—often unjust, oftener stupid, mostly springing from the coldest sort of selfishness, tend nevertheless to genuine and ever-increasing altruism, and, taken as a whole, slowly enlarge the number of fit that can survive. Czolgosz and his kind are the nurslings of the laws they hate. That the strong make the laws and coerce the weak to obey them is undeniable. That they will ever cease to do so is inconceivable. But that the strong controlled the weak before there were laws is equally undeniable, and that they would refrain from doing so if again there were no laws is equally inconceivable. Under the anarchy of which some very intelligent people prate, an "unfit" like Czolgosz would early be weeded out. If the present system produced any large number like him, we should have anarchy here and now until they were exterminated; or, rather, lest we offend the sentimental theorist who calls himself an anarchist, we should have that condition of disorder which would ensue if he were to get what he thinks he wants. Happily there are not enough degenerates of the Czolgosz type or sentimentalists of the pseudo-scientific type to make protection from anarchy anything more than one of the ordinary police duties.



INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"It beats me how them reformers kin be sich hypocrites!"

"Yes?"

"B' Gee! Even to their best friends they putend they ain't out for the stuff!"



THE COMING STRUGGLE.

AND SO THE KNIGHT PROMISED TO TAKE UP HIS LATE LORD'S LANCE AND CARRY ON THE FIGHT.



PUCK



AN HONEST OPINION.

CLIENT.— But litigation is n't always a mistake!

LAWYER.— Always for one party; frequently for both!

IN DAYS OF OLD.



“H OW NOW, Sir Gregory, with what mummery does this witless, the wizard, amuse the court to-day?”
 “Mummery or not, Sir Geeseberry, yet 't is a marvelous thing.”
 “Sayest thou so? I prithee as to how?”
 “He lies as one in a trance and projects himself into the future full five hundred years.”
 “Gadzooks! 'T is indeed marvelous! What sees he!”
 “He seems to witness a tourney of that day. But what uncouth tongue is this he speaks? Heardest thou e'er the like?”

“Marry, 't is English, but in sore distorted shape. What says he? List!”

“Soak de empire ”
 “A three-bagger, By Jingo!”
 “Fake! Fake!”
 “Paste th' bloomin' geezer in th' slats.”
 “Cheese it; — th' cops!”
 “Back to the bughouse!”
 “Smash the highway robber!”
 “Uppercut th' lobster!”
 “Play ball!”

“Ah! He emerges from the swoon. But, methinks, Sir Gregory, this Sir Empire is but a scurvy knight and in ill-favor with the men-at-arms.”

“Ay! By my halidome! But didst thou ever hear such strange talk?”

“Not in all Lombardy, nor in the lands of Prester John.”

“And thinkest thou, Sir Geeseberry, a race of men may ever spring from sturdy English stock to use such outlandish speech as this?”

“Odds bodikins! I wot not; yet do I misdoubt me much.”
 “And I, too, marry come up!”
 “Odds splutter my nails, yea!”
 “Ay, gadzooks!”

W. S. Adkins.

THE RAIN of heaven falls from time to time alike on those who pray for it and on those who don't.



IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS.

“My! He 's feelin' as good this mornin' as if he seen a coon filled with buckshot last night!”

PUCK



WHAT HE WAS FITTED FOR.

EDITOR.—Who sent in this item about that last hail-storm?

SUB-EDITOR.—Young Jenkins, of Podunk. Why?

EDITOR.—Why, he says some of the hail-stones were as large as canary birds' eggs;—that chap is too honest to be a reporter;—just drop him a line and offer him the position of cashier in this establishment.

A MODERN TRANSLATION.

[The following is from the famous Polish Poet and novelist whose name is not yet determined. Several hundred thousand of his books are to be published, weather permitting, and American readers will be pleased with this specimen of his work, though he has not yet written it.]



HE MOIL and trouble of the garish day had ceased. Across the vistas of the *wprowadzenia* came the low call of the cattle grazing on the uplands. The air was redolent of quiet, and night hung brooding like the sable mantle of a *cywilizacji*.

A young *gdy*, fair of face and round of arm, hurried along the well-worn path. Her step was light and free, and her eyes were softer than the *konstytucyjnego* when it swings in the low-clustering *rosyjskie*. Though her face was that of girlhood, her firm mouth and self-reliant bearing betokened a strength and maturity that were of womanhood.

She turned from the path and entered a thicket of scrub oak. Darkness had already settled on the land, but there was still a faint glimmer of the dead day. Not enough to light a stranger, but little *WIELKOPRZEMYSŁOWEJ* knew every inch of the ground. It had been her home since infancy; but to-morrow—Well, to-morrow has its day after, as the *Wplyw* says.

Suddenly she paused. Confronting her was a man, tall of figure, imperious and commanding of stature, but on his evil face and low forehead the hand of the *mybysmy* had been laid.

"Pretty one," he said, "*Jakkołwickbadz brzmiacz*" (my dear), "is it well to walk alone?"

She replied not, but tried to pass him.

"Life of the farthest woods," he whispered; "Joy of the sun on the hills, I would not harm you. I am but a *wogole*, driven forth by the law to be a *nigdy*: a wanderer, harmless and friendless! And he sought to stay her, he striv to catch her delicate white hand. She recoiled from him. Her trim and buoyant figure rose to the majestic height of four feet six.

"*Drobnomieszczanskich jaknajpomyslniejszego!*" she hissed between her set lips.

He gazed a moment, and his eyes dropped. "It is just!" he murmured. "But even the most high can punish too severely. But now for the first time I really know, I see the universal aim."

They parted. The girl once more walked lightly over the worn path, but as she neared the cabin she turned.

On the hill, outlined by the cold light of the rising moon, was the dim figure of a man. His head was bowed and he walked with a slow and dejected tread. She watched him. She saw the figure grow fainter. There was a pause—a step—an interval of a second in the endless reach of time.

The land of the departed light had claimed another *wszechrosyjskiego*, and from the distance came a faint, low wail.

Black darkness was over all!

THE SECOND DEGREE.

"Do you place money before fame?"

"Yes. Until an author begins to make money folks never suspect that he is famous."



THE DOG'S VIEWS.

THE DOG.—Does n't he look like me, though? Haw! Haw! I would n't be surprised if the dog catchers ran both of us in!

LOBSTERS usually don't agree with us. Indeed, about the first mark of a lobster is his not agreeing with us.



A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

HER FRIEND.—But you have encouraged half a dozen men to propose and then refused them.

THE COQUETTE.—Well, you know, I've taught them to beware of over-confidence.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 32d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

It is asserted that only certain strokes of lightning are fatal. This sounds as if it were taken from the new mosquito theory. — *Wash. Post.*



The Improved BOSTON GARTER

The Standard for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price. GEO. FROST CO., Makers Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

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THE SIGNIFICANCE.

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ORANGE CITIZEN.—Did you say he had on his Sunday clothes?

NEWARK MAN.—Yes; he had on his golf suit.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Good mawnin', pahson, what kin we do foh you?"

"Oh, I 'se jest makin' a pastoral call."

"Well, goodness me! Den I 'll go right out an' kill a chicken."—*Indianapolis News.*

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WHEN the devil preaches he always takes a text.—*Ram's Horn.*

FAT women going to a circus look funny and we believe they know it.—*Washington Democrat.*

We have noticed that the smarter the mother, the funnier the sayings of her baby.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE old-fashioned genius thrived on compliments. The genius of to-day is judged by its cash balance.—*Washington Post.*

It makes no difference what grammatical errors are made in paying a compliment to a man, he will never notice them.—*Atchison Globe.*

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It is a question which causes a mother the more worry: A boy so sick that he is good, or so thoroughly well that he is bad.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PUCK



I.
BULLY.—It won't do to thump my rival. She would sympathize with him and hate *me*—



II.
"I must use strategy—



III.
"Aha! 'They're off!'—



IV.
"The plot thickens (*biff!*).



V.
"What a wretch, to throw a lady from a hammock in that manner!—



VI.
"Allow *me* as your protector and escort. I'll see that the villain works you no further harm!"